THE FUNERAL ORATION UPON Cardinal *de FLEURY*, MINISTER of STATE, &c.

Pronounced by Order of the *French* King, at *Paris*, MAY 25, 1743,

By FATHER *NEUVILLE*, Of the SOCIETY of JESUS.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE FUNERAL ORATION

Upon his EMINENCY the

Cardinal *de FLEURY*.

PROV. iii. 13.

Happy is the Man that findeth Wiſdom ——

Ibid. Verſe 16 and 17.

Length of Days is in her Right Hand, and in her Left Hand Riches and Honour. Her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all her Paths are Peace.

THUS it is, that the wiſeſt of Monarchs repreſents *Wiſdom*, as the fruitful Source which diffuſes the *Peace* of *Conſcience*, the *Tranquillity* of *Mind*, the *Sweets* and *Embelliſhments* of *Life*, with every *Good* that can *win* the *Eſteem*, or *command* the *Affections* of

Mankind. *Happy is the Man that has found Wiſdom.* Poſſeſs'd of all the Command over his Affections, he ſees, in the deepeſt Calm of Life, the pure Serenity of his Days, unſullied by a Cloud, and unruffled by a Storm, revolve and multiply, to give him upon Earth an Earneſt of the Immortality he expects in Heaven. *Length of Days are in her Right Hand.* Unſoliciting he receives the Treaſures of Wealth and Glory, which *prevent* his *Wiſhes*, without *prompting* his *Ambition*; without Opulence he commands *Riches*; without Titles, *Reſpect*; and without Honours, *Dignity:* No Gloom can be ſo deep as to dim the Luſtre of of his Name; and when raiſed to the Pinacle of human Greatneſs, yet ſtill he riſes with a Majeſty ſuperior to his Elevation. *In her Right Hand are Riches and Glory.* In all his Progreſs through *the Vale of Life*, remoteſt Ages ſhall retrace his Steps, there learning this important Leſſon, That it is not the *Event*, but the *Soul* and *Heart* that form the *truly Great*; and that *Virtue* requires no Aid from *Fortune*, to attract the *Attention* and the *Veneration* of Mankind. *Her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs.* Averſe to Tumult and vexatious Diſquiet, he loves no *Victories*, but thoſe won by *Reaſon* and *Conviction*; no *Conqueſts*, but over the *Hearts* and *Affections* of the People; no *Reward*, but in the Pleaſure of *Healing*; no *Felicity*, but in *perpetuating* the Scepter of *Peace*; and no *Succeſs*, but in his unwearied Endeavours to promote the *Happineſs of Mankind.*

Could

Could *Solomon*, my Friends, look into the Womb of Futurity? And cannot you, in the Sketch he has given us of a Wiſe Man, diſcover the Reſemblance of him we now commemorate; his pacific Schemes, his Titles, his Dignities, his Honours, the long Duration, and the uninterrupted Proſperity of his Days in *the Length of Days*, — *the Glory and Riches*, — *the Ways of Pleaſantneſs*, — and *the Paths of Peace*, mention'd by the *Royal Sage*?

If I appear'd in this Church only to pay my Tribute of Praiſes to the Memory of that Wiſe Miniſter, what need I to ſay more than I have ſaid? Do you not imagine that his Encomium, which is ſcarcely begun, is already finiſh'd? But I am animated by another View. My Buſineſs here is not ſo much to *praiſe* as to *edify*; or rather I come to join *Inſtruction* to *Encomiums*, and, by praiſing *the Sage*, invite *you* to the Love of *Wiſdom*.

The Wiſdom I mean is ſuch as is *ſubſtantial*, *ſolid*, and *real*; accommodating all its Views, Movements, and Steps to the Variety of Conjunctures, the Importance of Buſineſs, the Difference of Situations, and the Multiplicity of Obligations. The Wiſdom which is unacquainted with *irregular Genius*, *boundleſs* Projects, and *extravagant* Virtues. The Wiſdom which ſtamps upon the Whole of its Conduct the Character of *Regularity*, *Decency*, and *Decorum*; without which, Abilities become *hurtful*, and Virtues *blameable*; while Titles and Diſtinctions are ſo far communicating *Dignity*

to their *Wearer*, that their *Wearer* reflects *Diſhonour* upon *them*.

But tho' Temples and Academies every Day reſound with *Leſſons* of this Wiſdom proper to teach it in Theory, yet few are the *Examples* proper for perſuading us to carry it into Practice. Providence has for this Purpoſe furniſh'd us with an accompliſh'd Model in the Perſon of THE MOST HIGH AND MOST POWERFUL LORD *ANDREW HERCULES DE FLEURY*, THE ANCIENT BISHOP OF FRESUS, PRECEPTOR TO THE KING, CARDINAL OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, AND MINISTER OF STATE. Here let this Idea ſtop our Progreſs; let us leave the ſhallow, inconſidering Vulgar to form their Judgment of a Miniſter by the Events of his Adminiſtration, and to pronounce upon his *Merit* and *Abilities* from his *Fortune* and *Succeſs*; let *us* ſtudy the *Man* in the *Man*; let *us* forget what he has done for the Benefit and Advantage of the Public. But what am I ſaying? — Let us reflect that the great, the important, and the eſſential Services he has done the Public conſiſt in the immortal Examples he has left behind him of Wiſdom, Prudence, and Moderation.

For I call it ſerving the Public, nay ſerving it through progreſſive Ages, when a Miniſter cruſhes, eraſes, and baniſhes from the Minds of his Countrymen the ſordid, the mean Ambition which aſpires to Honour through Paths that make Virtue bluſh to tread them; that

Ambition

Ambition which, alike, through *Indolence* or *Preſumption*, repoſes itſelf upon a dazzling Pile of Honours, without poſſeſſing either Spirit or Abilities to ſuſtain their Weight; that *miſchievous*, that *fatal* Ambition which uſes Honours only to abandon itſelf with Impunity to the Career of licentious Paſſions. But what Example can be more effectual than that of Cardinal *Fleury* to prompt and to diffuſe through a State a noble Emulation in public Services, Talents, and Virtues? Ever guided, conducted, and animated by Wiſdom, by his Merit and his Labour he pav'd his Way to Honours, which he render'd uſeful to his Country by his Abilities, and the Exerciſe of his Accompliſhments; while the Beams of his Virtue gilded the Luſtre of his Dignity. In a Word, he won the Favour and Confidence of his Prince by a Train of Deſerts and Services; he maintain'd them by his Capacity, and embelliſh'd them by his Virtues. Let me now attempt to diſplay this Character, which is ſo ſingular, and perhaps *ſingle* for your Inſtruction, for the Glory of that wiſe Miniſter, and for the Honour of human Nature.

Shall I, Gentlemen, addreſs myſelf to you for a favourable Attention? I know that, in vulgar Breaſts, Praiſe generally hurts that jealous Delicacy of Self-Love which is equally mortify'd by the Recital of the Virtues they have not, as by the Cenſure of the Faults they have. I know that, with Regard to thoſe Perſonages who have been ſole Diſtributers of Royal Favour,

Pride

Pride endeavours to conſole and to avenge herſelf upon their *Character* by ſervile Homages ſhe ſo frequently laviſhes upon their *Fortune*; and that the Efforts of their preſent Rancour is ſtill proportion'd to the meaneſs of their paſt Flattery: Without perceiving that after diſgracing themſelves by mercenary intereſted Praiſes, they plunge farther into Diſhonour, by indulging the Spite and Bitterneſs of Defamation. What they call a Return of Reaſon and Reflection is no other than the Stain of a ſecond Vice, added to the Reproach of a Former. The Nobleneſs and Elevation of your Sentiments, guard you againſt an Imputation ſo egregiouſly injurious; with Pleaſure will you ſee Merit and Services arrive at Honours; Abilities unfolding into Action, Virues brightning into Fame; and the evident Marks of Wiſdom and Religion upon all occaſions diſtinguiſhing the Citizen and the Chriſtian, the Biſhop and the Stateſman.

PART I.

When it pleaſes Providence to exhibit to the World, a Perſon ſo amazingly elevated as to reach the higheſt Dignities of Churchand State, and poſſeſs all the Honours and Diſtinctions that Eccleſiaſtical or Secular Power can beſtow; then it is, that *Ambition* eager to propoſe herſelf a Model eaſy to be copied; *Jealouſy* greedy to comfort herſelf for her Obſcurity, and earneſt in perſuading herſelf that Fortune

rejects her Addreſſes only becauſe Fortune commonly flies the deſerving; the *Malignant piercing* Eye of *Curioſity*, the Prejudices of the Underſtanding, and the Paſſions of the Heart confederate their Suſpicions, their Conjectures, their Criticiſms, their Intelligences, and their pretended Diſcoveries. And becauſe Hiſtory has furniſhed for one *Joſeph* more than one *Haman*, for one *David* more than one *Abſolom*, for one *Judas Maccabeus* more than one *Joab*; they immediately conclude that Fortune never beſtows guiltleſs Preferment; and where they are at a loſs in being able to produce any Evidences of Crimes and Treachery, they inſtantly form to themſelves an arbitrary Syſtem of political Juggling, artful Screening, Artificial Cabals; Reſources which ſooth Vanity, ſo that if She is deprived of the Pleaſure of blaming and *cenſuring*, ſhe may likewiſe avoid being under the melancholy Neceſſity of *praiſing* and *applauding*. Follow Cardinal *Fleury*, ſtudy the beginning and the Progreſs of his Riſe, then will you apply to him the Words of the Holy Writings; *Wiſdom* Chap. vii. *All good Things have come to me along with her, and much Honour by her Hands.*

Was he one of the Men whom a favourable Opportunity, and unexpected Circumſtances, the Warmth of Ambition ever bold and eager in improving every Glance of Fortune had placed of a ſudden over a People aſtoniſhed to ſee the immenſity of Diſtance compaſt at a ſingle Start, and the Carreer almoſt compleated

pleated before it ſeemed to be commenced? No; in the Promotion of Cardinal *Fleury*, *Europe* was amazed with a Prodigy of a different Nature. His Progreſs to the firſt Preferments of the State was ſo ſlow that when he reach'd them, he ſeem'd to reach them as if carry'd by the irreſiſtible Tide of intermediate Events. He *waited* for Dignities without *courting* them; but ſtill he *waited leſs* for *them* than *they* for *him*; and he approached *leſs to Honours* than *Honours to him* *. *Where a Man is backward in his Advances to Dignity, Dignity comes to him.*

Can it be ſuggeſted that he was one of thoſe for whom a profound diſſimulated Ambition, forms the Twine, and ſpins the Thread of their Intrigues, in Darkneſs and with Stillneſs: One who wrapt himſelf up in a Clue of obſcure Projects, and concealed Machinations; one who ſhun'd the Sight of his Fellows, evaded their Penetration, and whoſe Deſigns never were diſcovered but by the Noiſe of their Succeſs? No, in the Promotion of Cardinal *Fleury*, there were no Veils, no Clouds, no Miſteries. We ſaw one Poſt introduce an other; one Dignity pave his way to a ſucceeding; the ſlow Gradation of his Riſe blunting the Edge of Jealouſy, and while the hopes of her Succeſs were rendering fruitleſs, he ſeiz'd that Opportunity of ſecuring himſelf againſt the Attacks of her Malice.

* Qui venire ad Dignitatem detractaverat, ad ipſum Dignitas venit.

Are

Are we to attribute his Riſe to the Effect of *Chance? Chance!* That empty Word, invented by *Ignorance* as a Screen to her *Shame*, adopted by *Impiety* as a *Shelter* againſt *Reaſon*, and employ'd by *timid worldly Malice* to cenſure the Choice of a Prince with *Impunity*. *Chance* is nothing, it can effect nothing; every thing has a *Cauſe*, every thing has a *Principle*. The Principle of Cardinal *Fleury*'s Riſe was *Merit*; known, eſteem'd and approved-of *Merit*; a *Merit* which never riſes to the moſt diſtinguiſhed Poſts, without ſhewing itſelf ſuperior to her exalted Station.

I ſay a *Merit*, known, eſteem'd, and approved of. After acquiring the Wealth of Literature; after draining all the Graces of the *Roman* and the *Greek* Languages from their Sources; and after diving into the awful depths of Religion; the *Abbe de Fleury* appear'd at Court with that Phyſiognomy which is ſo inexpreſſibly happy, that it may be term'd a Gift of Heaven, and the Seal which the Almighty ſtamps upon the Foreheads of thoſe whom he ſets apart to the moſt elevated Stations. Upon this *changing*, *fickle* Theatre of a Court, where the *Scene* is *ſhifting* every Inſtant; where, under the appearance of *deep Tranquillity*, every Thing moves with a moſt *rapid Velocity*; In that region of *concealed Intrigues*, *dark Perfidy* and *profound premeditated Malice*; where Mankind expreſs *Reſpect* without *Eſteem*, and *Applauſe* without *Approbation*; where *good Offices* are void of *Love*, and *bad ones* of *Hatred*;

where *Profeſſions* proceed from *Vanity*, *Promiſes* from *Politicks*, and *Services* from *Intereſt*; where *Vows* are made without *Sincerity*, *forgotten* without *Shame*, and *broken* without *Decency*; In this Labyrinth of *crooked* Windings, where *Prudence* herſelf *treads but in the Dark*, and where the *Path* of *Proſperity* often leads to *Diſgrace*; where the *Qualities* neceſſary for *Promotion*, are the *Cauſes* of *Diſappointment*; where, in *ſhunning Contempt* you *plunge into Hatred*; where *Merit*, when *modeſt*, is *forgotten*, becauſe without a Tongue to proclaim herſelf; and when diſplay'd *baniſht* and *oppreſt*, becauſe too *formidable*; where the *happy* have no Friends, becauſe their Friends will not attend them to the reverſe of Fortune; Yet *here* no ſooner did the *Abbe de Fleury* make one ſtep amidſt theſe bewildering thorny Labyrinths than the World thought that he had run over them a thouſand Times. They who had lived amidſt them from their very Infancy knew them not ſo well: For it is the Mediocrity of Genius that renders *Experience*, *Study* and *Art* ne eſſary: A compleat Genius is the ſame from the beginning; Time may *diſcover* and *unfold* it, but never can Time *form* it. In the twinkling of an Eye, the *Abbe de Fleury* enter'd into the moſt *myſterions* Cabals, he was Maſter of the moſt *knotty* Intrigues, and ſaw thro' all the Schemes of the moſt concurring and oppoſite Intereſts. He carried to a Court thoſe Talents which others go to Court to acquire, but remained untainted

tainted with any of the Vices which Courts uſe to communicate. With the happy Talent of joining the *inſinuating Addreſs* of a *Courtier* to the *Probity* of a *Man of Honour*, he knew how to *pleaſe* without *Officiouſneſs*, to *reſpect* without *Meanneſs*, and to *praiſe* without *Flattery*. His Diſcernment led him to attach himſelf to Merit, and to call it forth, to win Friends, and to preſerve them. The moſt *refined* Societies *received* him, the moſt *delicate inrolled* him, and the moſt *inacceſſible invited* him into their Numbers. In the *Houſes* of the *Great* he met with *Eſteem*, in the *Palaces* of *Princes* with *Friendſhip*, in the *Cabinets* of *Miniſters* with *Confidence*; and all were open to the *Abbe de Fleury*. Oppoſing Parties dropt their Maſks before him, without either fearing the *Sallies* of *Indiſcretion*, or the *Treacheries* of *Intereſt*. In his Perſon all *Reſentments* were *reconciled*, and in him all *Suffrages* united.

In this fair Point of Light, what Dreams, what Phantoms of Proſperity and Power muſt have entered into, and intoxicated a vain ambitious Mind! The Wiſe Man confines himſelf to the *Diſcharge of his Duty*; but the *Direction of his Fortune* he reſigns to Heaven. After being raiſed to the Biſhoprick, I think I now ſee this Model of Knowledge, Politeneſs, Sweetneſs and Addreſs, this Darling of the Court, bury himſelf in the Mountains of *Provence*: I ſee him devote himſelf ſolely to preſerve *Regularity* in his *Dioceſe*, pouring the Spirit of the Goſpel into the Minds of young

Noviciates, carefully forming their Morals and their Studies; diving into their moſt ſecret Affections and Inclinations; encouraging each Capacity, and directing it to its proper Uſe; *enquiring* into Abuſes, and *reforming* them; *preventing* and *removing* every Danger that threatned the *true Faith*; *ſtudying* and *relieving* the Neceſſities of his People; *rooting up* and *correcting Licentiouſneſs*; *reconciling* the *Diviſions* of Families, and *ſanctifying* them; *re-eſtabliſhing* the *Decency*, and *improving* the *Majeſty* of *Public Worſhip*; guiding the ſecret Fervours of Devotion to the *Shadow of the Deſart*, then *leading* it to *Perfection*: By his *Tenderneſs*, fulfilling the Duties of a *Father*; and by his *Vigilance*, thoſe of a *Paſtor*. By the *Simplicity* of his *Manners*, and the *Plainneſs* of his *Expreſſions*, you would have ſaid, That he had never ſeen another People but thoſe he was amongſt; that theſe Mountains had been his Cradle, and that all he knew he had learned among them. His Talents became *uſeleſs*, *forgotten*, and *ſtrange* to him: Opportunity called them forth; and then he reſumed them.

The Duke of *Savoy* ſaw his Capitol ready to ſink under our Arms, and then by an unforeſeen Turn become the fatal *Barrier* of our *Conqueſts*: That Prince was then borne upon the Tide of our Calamity, and his own Proſperity penetrated into our Provinces. How did the Biſhop of *Frejus* behave in ſo delicate a Conjuncture? You need not dread from him either the

Indif-

Indiſcretions of a too *rigid Inflexibility*, or the *Submiſſions* of *mean, timid Politic s:* With *Wiſdom* for his Directreſs, he paid to the Duke of *Savoy* that Tribute of *Veneration* and *Complacence*, which is due to all ſovereign Princes; he continued *loyal* to his Maſter, without *diſhonouring* the Name of a *Frenchman* by any abject Submiſſions paid to Fortune; his *reſpectful Behaviour* procured him the *Regard* and *Favour* of that Prince; and a *noble Freedom* conciliated his *Eſteem:* The Biſhop, tho' refuſing to term himſelf *his Subject*, was not treated as an Enemy; he diſarmed *Conqueſt*, without ſubmitting to the *Conqueror*; he diſtinguiſhed his *Loyalty* for his *Prince*, and ſaved his *People* from the *Horrors* of *War* by an *artful Management* approved of at *Verſailles*, and by a *Firmneſs of Courage* applauded at *Turin.*

Happy, deſervedly happy People, you would not have the Memory of this Service periſh amongſt you; you want that it may deſcend thro' remoteſt Ages to your lateſt Poſterity, and that each revolving Year may bring round a Day that ſhall be devoted to your Gratitude. Your warmeſt Wiſhes would have been fulfilled, had Heaven continued to you your Protector. But his Genius calls for a more unbounded Career of Action; the Moment approaches, when his modeſt Merit muſt dilate it ſelf to the Eyes of the World, and, by all the Services which a Subject can pay to a Prince, prove himſelf worthy of all the Favour that a Prince can confer upon a Subject.

Lewis

Lewis the XIVth, a Monarch the Glory of his People and of his Age, the Glory of Religion and the State; more a Hero in the Decline of *Life* and *Succeſs*, than in all the dazling Splendor of *Youth* and *Conqueſt*; a Prince, whoſe *Virtue*, after ſtanding the Trial of *Calamity*, obliged *Fortune* at length to bluſh at her own Inconſtancy, made her ſenſible of her Weakneſs, and taught her that it belonged not to her either to confer or reſume *true Greatneſs*. This Prince, after ſeeing his numerous Poſterity paſs away like a Shade, remaining almoſt alone in his immenſe Palaces, ſeemed to outlive himſelf. His Eyes ready to be ſealed into eternal Reſt, in that Spot where ſo many Flowers had been cut down in their Bloom, ſaw but one remaining, ſcarcely budded; feeble and weak it was, and almoſt blaſted by the Breath that had wither'd and conſumed ſo many flouriſhing Stems. This new *Joas*, the only Remnant of the Blood of *David*, ſnatch'd from the Wreck of his auguſt Houſe, and with Difficulty ſtruggling under the Ruins by which he appear'd to be overwhelmed, felt every Emotion of Heart, every Deſign of his Soul, every Tenderneſs of a Father, and every Scheme of a Monarch unite in this Infant: Oh! could he at leaſt live, by his Leſſons and Example to form him in the important Art of Reigning; but the Sand of his Life was running out, the Tomb was opening, the Tomb was expecting and demanding the Monarch; then thought he of ſupplying his own *Place*

about

about the Perſon of his Succeſſor. On whom ſhall the Choice fall of a Prince grown old in the Study and Knowledge of Mankind, a Prince whoſe Underſtanding was approved of and honoured in the Choice he made of a *Boſſuet* and a *Fenelon?* He called the Biſhop of *Frejus*; to his Hands he reſigned the Fate of his Family and Kingdom.

Here ought I not to put a Period to this Diſcourſe? You have heard the Choice of the Father, you feel the Virtues of the Son; *Lewis* the XIVth, and *Lewis* the XVth. After *meriting the Confidence* of a *King* who was *France's Glory*, after *educating* a *King* who is *France's Happineſs*, to add to this Encomium, what would it be but to weaken it? In effect, if the nobleſt, the happieſt Effort of human Genius is to form another Genius, what muſt it be to educate a Prince born for the Throne?

What is it to educate a Prince born for a Throne? It is in the Character of a Chriſtian to make a deep Impreſſion on the Mind, and to ſtamp indelibly on the Heart of a young Prince, thoſe *important*, thoſe *ſublime* Maxims which St. *Auguſtin* ſo forcibly diſplays in his Book upon the *City of God:* That the Greatneſs of Kings conſiſts in remembering that they are *Kings* to their *People*, but that before *God* they are but *Men*; *Si ſe homines meminerint:* To maintain the Rights of Religion as firmly as they do the Intereſts of their Crown.

" *Would

" * Would they apply their Power to the Wor-
" ſhip of God, they muſt make it the Hand-
" maid of his Majeſty:" That a King, a true King, is not a Prince who *extends his Dominion*, but who *multiplies his Virtues*; not one whoſe Sway is over the *World*, but over his *Paſſions*; not one who leaves his Name in the *bright Chronicles of Hiſtory*, but *regiſtered in the Book of Life*; not a Prince whoſe Ambition Fortune ſatiates and prevents, but one who *wills* only God, who *ſeeks* only God, and who is a King for God alone. " † If they
" fear, love and worſhip God, if they aſpire
" rather to govern their own Affections than
" Kingdoms, we may pronounce ſuch Princes
" happy."

What is it to educate a Prince born for the Throne? It is in the Character of a virtuous Citizen, to engrave on the very Bottom of his Soul thoſe immutable Principles of Order and Equity from whence the reciprocal Duties of *Allegiance* and *Obedience*, of *Authority* and *Loyalty*, of *Prince* and *Subject*, derive their unchangeable Stability; to inſtruct them, that, as the *People* are ſubject to *Kings*, ſo *Kings* are made for their *People*; that it is no leſs the Duty of *Princes* to obey the *Voice of Reaſon*, than to rule over the *Perſons of Men*; that a Sovereign, regardleſs of Moderation and Juſtice,

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* Si ſuam poteſtatem ad Dei cultum, Majeſtati ejus famulam faciant.

† Si Deum timent, diligunt, colunt; ſi malunt cupiditatibus quàm Gentibus imperare, tales Imperatores felices dicimus.

equally

equally violates the Rights of Society, as do the People who throw off Obedience and Loyalty.

What is it to educate a Prince born for a Throne? It is, like a faithful Subject, to point out to him the Paths of true Glory; to tell him what he never may hear afterwards, That his Purple and Diadem muſt borrow their moſt reſplendent Luſtre from his Virtues; that Merit alone attracts Applauſe, and that outward Shew procures only that Adulation which equally bedaubs the Prince who loves it, as it diſgraces the Courtier who beſtows it.

What is it to educate a Prince born for a Throne? It is to form him to that Merit which is the Quinteſſence of all Merits. A King has all kind of Duties to fulfill, he has Occaſion for every Species of Ability and Virtue, ſo temper'd, ſo worked up, and ſo incorporated, that in the happy Mixture *Affability* may not diminiſh *Reſpect*, *Authority* check *Freedom*, *Condeſcenſion* weaken the *Vigour of Command*, *Juſtice* reſtrain *Clemency*, *Gentleneſs* encourage the *Hopes of Impunity*, *Valour* diſturb the *Tranquillity of Nations*, the *Love of Peace* ſuffer the *Intereſts* and *Reputation* of his Crown to be violated, *Vivacity* precipitate the *Execution of Deſigns*, nor *ſedate Wiſdom* loſe thoſe rapid irretrievable Moments which fix *the Fate of Empires*. What ſhall I ſay? To be a King, every Quality of the *Head* and *Heart* muſt conſpire. And, is there leſs required in him who is to inſtruct a Prince to reign? I

dare not ſay There is: It is perhaps as difficult to *form* a great King as to *be* one.

And if it is ſo difficult to educate a Prince born for a Throne, What is it to educate one already a King? *Theodoſius* render'd *Arcadius* and *Honorius* ſubmiſſive to the Leſſons of *Arſene:* A Word a Look of *Lewis* the XIVth, who was as much a King over his Children as over his People, aded the Genius of a *Boſſuet* and a *Fenelon.* The apparent Heir of a Crown, while a Child, is ſenſible he has a Maſter; But ſhall a Child who already wears a Crown be inſenſible that he is a King? There are inexpreſſible *Calls* from the *Heart* and *Paſſions* that tell him *he is great*, and he *feels* he is ſo before he *knows* it. Too premature Elevation of a Prince, to what Dangers doſt thou expoſe his Virtue? Where is the Genius with ſuch a Compaſs of *Underſtanding*, *Wiſdom*, *Prudence*, *Circumſpection* and *Addreſs*, as to *reprove* a King without *diſpleaſing* him, as to *contradict* him without *his taking it amiſs*, as to *eſtabliſh* his Firmneſs by *Complaiſance*, his *Authority* by *Reſpect*, and convey the *Dictates* of the *Maſter* with all the *Submiſſion* of the *Subject?*

While I am marking out this Picture, each of you names the Biſhop of *Frejus:* You ſee him as you ſaw him when he was about the Perſon of our young Monarch. His was not a *weak*, a *ſpiritleſs* Education, *effeminating* the *Manners* and *enervating* the *Mind*, abandoning the *Heart* to its *Paſſions*, the *Spirit* to its *Irregu-*

regularities, the *Fancy* to its *Capriciouſneſs*, and the *Affections* to their *Inconſtancy*: Which, having no other View but *to pleaſe*, dares not venture either to point out Reaſon or perſuade to Duty, and without a Bluſh purchaſes the Favour of his Royal Pupil, at the Expence of his Virtues and Merits. You may remember with what Acclamations all *Europe* reſounded at the Sight of our King even in his tender Youth, in the Commencement, and as it were Eſſay of his Reign. He ſtepp'd forth at once a Model of Piety, of Politeneſs and Diſcretion, of that Merit which Holy Writ looks upon as the Merit peculiar to Kings, of thoſe Treaſures of Wiſdom and Prudence which are the Accompliſhments of the Underſtanding, and thoſe Riches of Sweetneſs and Humanity which form the Merit of the Heart.

It was not a *gloomy*, *fierce*, *uncharitable* Education, in which *heavy moroſe* Leſſons damp the *Fire of Imagination*, blaſt the *Beauties of the Genius*, and weaken the *Spring of the Paſſions*. It was the inimitable Talent of depriving Precepts of their *Harſhneſs* and their *Dryneſs*, of *employing* the Mind without *fatiguing* it, of *fixing* the Genius without *cramping* it, of *inviting* it by the Charms of Pleaſure, of *attracting* it by a Taſte for Variety, of *ſeaſoning* all he wanted to inculcate by the Curioſity of Knowledge, of *inſinuating* rather than *teaching*, and of cloathing his Diſcourſe in Spirit, Soul and Sentiment.

It was not an Education of worldly Wiſdom, which leaves a Prince ignorant in nothing but his moſt important Concerns; I mean, the Maxims and Grounds of his Religion. Shall I ſay that the Biſhop of *Frejus* was deeply penetrated with, that he was convinc'd of the Truth, the Divinity, and the Holineſs of the Chriſtian Faith? Great God! to what an Age have you reſerved us, if ſuch Particulars as theſe muſt make up Part of his Praiſe! He poſſeſt a thouſand Virtues that did Honour to the Age: then, how melancholy a Conſideration is it that the Vices and Perverſeneſs of the Age ſhould raiſe the Value and the Merit of his Virtues! Unhappy Age, wherein Pride and Ignorance drink the Poiſon of Impiety out of the Cup of Seduction, preſented to them by their Paſſions and their Senſuality! Blind and fatally bedarkned Age, wherein the Mind, deluded by the violent and too enchanting Shew of a falſe Liberty, loves to plunge into the bottomleſs Pit of empty raſh Speculations, and to wander in the bewildering Labyrinth of captious Quibbles, where it ſeeks to loſe it ſelf irrecoverably! The Biſhop of *Frejus* both fear'd the Danger, and guarded againſt the Contagion: He knew that the Intrigues and the Inticements of a Court form a ſtrong Conſpiracy againſt the Virtues and Piety of a Prince. With what indfatigable Labour then did he apply himſelf to paint Irreligion in its true Colours, and diſplay her in all her natural Deformity: to ſhew the Diſquiet of the Mind,

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the Intractability of the Reaſon, the Biaſs for Licentiouſneſs in the Heart, and the Deſire of Impunity in the Paſſions, affecting preſumptious Vice, rejecting the Probity which leaves her hopeleſs; the fooliſh Medly of looſe uncertain Opinions, which no honeſt Man can adopt without being immediately aſhamed, either of his Heart corrupted by its Deluſions, or his Morals contradicted by its Syſtem. How oft did the Biſhop repreſent to his Prince, that Religion was the firmeſt Support of his Authority, the Bulwark of the Laws, and the Soul of his State; and that, to ſecure the common Happineſs, it was ſufficient if the People were ruled by *Governours*, and if *Governours* ruled over *People* reciprocally form'd in the Principles of Religion. What eternal Thanks are due from us to Providence! We have a Monarch who loves Religion as a *Chriſtian*, who loves it as a *King*; the Charms of Religion being diſplay'd by ſo able a Hand captivated the young Prince; to her he opened his Soul; Religion gave him the Qualities of the Heart, and at the ſame Time introduced to it Gratitude, Confidence and Friendſhip.

Friendſhip, is it not applicable when I ſpeak of Princes? 'Till our Time, the Throne, tho' too open to *Paſſion*, appear'd inacceſſable to *Sentiment*; deplorable was the Condition of Princes; though ſurrounded with Glory and Riches, they well might envy the Lot of the Obſcure who grovel'd in the Duſt, and who, taſting the Sweets of pure undiſguiſed Friendſhip,

ſhip, were avenged of Fortune's Malice. On the other hand, the greateſt Monarch, if *without Friends*, muſt live without *Pleaſure*. Princes muſt now no more blame their Rank and their Dignity for this, the Fault lies in their Heart. *Lewis* is a noble Example to teach Kings, that Friendſhip is not a Virtue that debaſes them; and that it is a Happineſs in which Heaven indulges them. It was the Deſtiny of the Biſhop of *Frejus* to teach the People, that a Subject may aſpire to gain the Heart of his Maſter.

What a noble and glorious Reward was this! it filled the moſt extended Wiſhes of the *Biſhop*; but was too ſcanty for the Gratitude of the *Monarch*. After being called to the Council, honoured with the *Roman* Purple, charged with the Inſpection over the Kingdom's Happineſs under his Prince's Command, the Cardinal *de Fleury* owed only to his Merit and his Virtues all his Eſteem and Confidence with his Prince; that Prince who is unfathomable in his Deſigns, impenetrable in his Projects, and conſtant in his Reſolutions; that Prince whoſe Juſtice, Sagacity, Firmneſs, Activity and Diſcernment of Mind, can without Difficulty ſupport the Weight of Affairs, and without Trouble or Confuſion preſide over the immenſe Particulars of a vaſt Empire; that Prince whom we have ſeen to withſtand and dare the Efforts of all confederated *Europe*, and who is as far from *fearing War* thro' *Effeminacy*, as he is from *loving it* thro' *Ambition*. While other

Reigns

Reigns borrow their Luſtre from the Genius of their Miniſters, here the Glories of the Miniſter conſiſt in the great Qualities of the Monarch. The Merit of the Maſter proclaims that of the Subject; the leſs the Aſſiſtance of Cardinal *Fleury* was neceſſary, the more glorious is it for him that ſo great a King thought it indiſpenſable for the Good of his Kingdom.

Let us now, Gentlemen, retrace the Steps of Cardinal *Fleury*. Now will I diſcloſe to your Eyes the Path in which he walk'd. Here, far from perceiving the Motions, the Workings and the Intrigues of inſatiable reſtleſs Ambition, you will perceive nothing but Merit tried by the moſt delicate Employments, ſignalized by the moſt important Services, modeſt, peaceable, tranquill, content with what it is, without endeavouring to paſs for what it is not, rais'd to a Fortune which was the Work of Virtue alone, and ſtamp'd with the Impreſſion and Seal of Wiſdom. * *All good Things came along with her to me, and much Honour by her Hands.* As you thus are made acquainted with the Road which led this Sage to Honours, learn how he rendered thoſe Honours uſeful to his Country by his Abilities, and the Exerciſe of them.

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* Venerunt mihi omnia bona pariter cum illa, & innumerabilis honeſtas per manus illius.

PART II.

WHATEVER Difficulty there may be in attaining to the firſt Poſts in Government with the public Eſteem and Applauſe, yet it is leſs difficult for a Miniſter to carry a great Reputation into that Station, than it is to maintain it when raiſed to it. After the Cardinal *Fleury* was honoured by the Confidence of his King, he ſoon juſtified by his Capacity his Prince's Choice, by exerting the moſt uſeful Abilities, and ſuch as were moſt neceſſary for the Happineſs and Tranquillity of the State.

In the learned World there is a Degree of Genius as much above a Man of Wit, as a Man of Wit is above the People. I mean they whoſe lively elevated fruitful Imaginations without Pain produce thoſe happy Turns, thoſe fine delicate Reflections, with all that is great to raiſe the Soul, pathetick to touch the Paſſions, and ſublime to captivate the Affections, whoſe Toil with a noble Simplicity and Elevation has every Embelliſhment, every Ornament of Art, without the leaſt Mark of Conſtraint or Servitude, without the leaſt Symptom of Pain and Labour; ſuch, in the Rank of thoſe Capacities who are deſtin'd to direct the Springs of Government, was Cardinal *de Fleury*. The Projects that ſuggeſted to his Mind, preſented to him, as it were, already diſcuſt and concerted; to him all Affairs were plain and diſentangled,

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all Difficulties clear'd and ſurmounted. He has been ſeen, without Study, without Preparation, to dictate the moſt important Diſpatches with ſuch a Flow, ſuch a rapid Succeſſion of Ideas, with ſuch Preciſion, ſuch Correctneſs of Expreſſion, and with ſo cloſe a Connexion, ſo firm a Texture of Facts and Reaſoning, that he ſeem'd to read a Diſpatch which had been premeditated, corrected, leiſurely digeſted, and moſt maturely conſider'd. If at any Time an unforeſeen Event interrupted the Courſe of his Work, he applied himſelf to a freſh Object, without laying aſide the former. His Underſtanding extended according to the Neceſſity of Conjunctures; his Ideas multiplied, tho' without Confuſion; or rather, he diſmiſs'd his former Ideas which he did not endeavour to fix, becauſe he was not afraid of loſing them. When he returned to himſelf, he re-enter'd the ſame Road, but without being under any Neceſſity of going over any Part of the ſame Way, and without being expoſed to the Danger of either repeating what he *had* ſaid, or of omitting what he *had not* ſaid.

But will not ſo rapid a Progreſſion be loſt with the ſame Impetuoſity? No, Gentlemen: Cardinal *de Fleury* was at no Waſte of Genius; nothing eſcaped him: his Memory which was ſuſceptible and ready to receive Impreſſions, faithful to preſerve, and exact to repreſent them, knew no Difference betwixt the Paſt, and the Preſent. What he had once ſeen was ever preſent to his Eyes, what he had once compre-

hended was ever familiar to his Underſtanding; and what he had once anſwer'd ever occur'd to his Remembrance: All that is periſh'd within your Remembrance relating to your Pretenſions, your Intereſts, Motives and Meaſures, you will regain in the Mind of Cardinal *Fleury*; what he once knew he was always capable of teaching to the Maſter who inſtructed him.

Hence that Peace, that Calm, that Tranquillity, which diffuſed abroad ſo gay, ſo ſweet, ſo amiable an Impreſſion; premeditated Projects, digeſted by ſlow and deep Reflection, preſerve in their Air and Manner the Mark and the Stamp of thoſe laborious Efforts which produce them: The Mind that is exhauſted ſinks under its own Weight, without having the Strength, the Vigour or the Spirit, to riſe from the Abyſs of profound Meditation: Did ever Man perceive in Cardinal *Fleury* this Air of gloomy ſullen Recollection, thoſe diſtracting Inquietudes, that peeviſh laborious Attention, the Lot of a limited Genius, always under the Preſſure of Thought, becauſe without that Vigour and Preciſion which is neceſſary to give Thought its proper Force? At any Time you approach'd Cardinal *Fleury*, If you ſought only the Friend and the Citizen, the Miniſter and the Stateſman inſtantly diſappear'd; with a noble Tranquillity he enter'd into the Joy of Converſation, the Amuſements of Literature, the Detail of News, and of public and private Events, as if he had wanted to fill up the Intervals of a languid, uſeleſs and unactive Life.

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From hence proceeded the Force, the even and the unalterable Vigour of his Mind and Conſtitution. The Fall from high Situations is ſudden, * *the Duration of every Power is ſhort.* Thoſe Trees that grow on the Top of the Mountain, being eternally expoſed to the Storm and the Tempeſt, are ſoon rooted out and cover the Ground with their Ruins; thus the continual Working of the Mind ſaps, waſtes and drys up, in the Veins, the Springs of Life: but Cardinal *Fleury* knew well the great Secret of giving himſelf up alternately to Labour and Repoſe, of laying aſide or reſuming at Pleaſure the Schemes and Affairs of Conſequence; thereby verifying the Obſervation of the Scripture, That the Sleep of the Man who *keeps ſound Wiſdom and Diſcretion* is ſweet and peaceable, refreſhing to the Soul as well as to the Body, and re-invigorating the intellectual as well as the animal Oeconomy; † *Thou ſhalt lye down, and thy Sleep ſhall be ſweet.* Thus have we ſeen him carry the Fire of Youth and the Sprightfulneſs of Imagination into advanced old Age, and the Flowers of the Spring flouriſhing beyond the Autumn. ‡ *A chearful Mind maketh a flouriſhing old Age.* As for him, his Time glided away without leaving the leaſt Tract of its Paſſage. Every Day brought back to him what the Day before had taken from

* Omnis Potentatûs brevis vita. *Eccleſ.* Cap. 10.

† Quieſces & ſuavis erit ſomnus tuus. *Prov.* Cap. 3.

‡ Animus gaudens ætatem floridam facit. *Prov.* Chap. 17.

him. He almoſt led us to doubt whether he was not exempted from the common Lot of Humanity; and, after ſo long a Life, his Death was wonderful to a Prodigy: * *He died in a good old Age.*

From whence came his impenetrable Secrecy? Even the moſt diſtruſtful and watchful Stateſmen give Room for Conjectures, tho' none for Diſcovery, and hint at their Secrets without revealing them; their Schemes, their Fears, and their Hopes, may be read in their Looks, nay in their Silence. They ſay nothing, and they conceal nothing. In vain do you ſeek for a Secret of State in the Face of Cardinal *Fleury*, the Situation of the Veſſel was a Proof of the Skill of the Pilot; he ſail'd on a Sea unruffled by the ſmalleſt Breath of Wind; he was gently born along by a Stream which roll'd its Waters in an even Motion. Cardinal *Fleury* ceaſed to remember, but without forgetting that whatever he wanted to conceal from the prying Look of Suſpicion and Conjecture; his Memory open'd to receive it but then it ſhut upon it, never to give it up 'till he ſhould call it forth. Thus eaſing himſelf of the Weight of a Secret, he was ſubjected to no Danger of revealing it by his Tongue, and to no Difficulty of concealing it by his Silence.

Let us now conſider the Extent, the infinite Variety of his Knowledge. He was oblig'd to watch over Commerce, Public Revenues, War, Sea-Affairs, Juſtice, Religion, the Exerciſe and

* Mortuus eſt in ſenectute bona. *Geneſ.* Cap. 25.

the

the Prerogatives of high Employments, the Rights of the Prince and the People; in ſhort, over every Thing. He knew, as it was his Duty to know, in theſe high Poſts, the preciſe Period when *Genius* becomes too minute and trifling to deſerve the Name of *Genius*; his Knowledge was built upon great Principles, and bounded by general Views. When it imported him to know more; Who ever knew ſo much, or to ſuch Perfection, as himſelf? Who, like him, could balance the Strength of Nations, diſcuſs the Intereſts of Princes, ſtudy their Pretenſions, reconcile their Differences and Jealouſies, penetrate the Maſk that cover'd their ambitious Deſigns, render himſelf compleatly Maſter of the Manners, the Inclinations, the Genius, and the Characters of Nations; nay of the Names, the Abilities, and the Capacity of particular Perſons diſtinguiſh'd in each State? One would have imagined, that Cardinal *Fleury* had lived in all the Parts of *Europe*, that he had been educated in all its Courts, treated with all its Miniſters, diſcourſed with all its learned Men, and aſſiſted in all its Cabinets. When an Ambaſſadeur arrived at *Verſailles*, he was at a Loſs to imagine that he had quitted *Rome*, *Vienna*, *London*, or *Madrid*; whether he ſpake to one of his own Prince's Miniſters, or to a Miniſter of the King's to whom he was ſent: This Knowledge of Mankind ſo neceſſary, yet ſo rarely found in thoſe who know the moſt, was peculiar to Cardinal *Fleury*. In one Moment of Converſation, to Appearance *vague* and *indifferent*,

different, he penetrated the deepeſt and moſt ſecret Foldings of your Heart: * *Council in the Heart of a Man is like deep Water; but a Man of Underſtanding will draw it out.* As he was equally artful in concealing his own Deſigns, and penetrating yours; ſo no Man perhaps was ever ſo little known, and no Man knew others ſo well as Cardinal *Fleury*.

To the Qualities of the Mind and Genius, let us add thoſe of *pure* and *enlightned Reaſon*, of *true* and *ſound* Politicks; and that *Talent* without which all others are *uſeleſs*; I mean of employing Abilities ſo as to render them ſerviceable to our Country. Did ever Miniſter ſhew himſelf ſo devoted to the Public Welfare? Scarce had the King declared that he was reſolved to govern his Kingdom in Perſon, by the Counſels of the Biſhop of *Frejus*, than a Spirit of Sweetneſs and Moderation directed both the Deſtiny of the State, and the Fortune of the Subject. The Public Debts, Debts ſo ancient, ſo often rejected, that they were at length forgotten, were diſcharged with the moſt religious Exactneſs. Credit revived, Money circulated; Shemes were concerted, and executed for relieving the *Public Funds*, without encroaching on *Private Property*. The Coin remained unalter'd; this Article that was ſo delicate, that had been the Object of ſo many Remonſtrances, Vows and Wiſhes, that *Wiſhing* was almoſt over, becauſe there remained ſo little Room for

* Sicut aqua profunda, ſic conſilium in corde viri: ſed homo ſapiens exhauriet illud. *Prov.* Cap. xx. 5.

Hope,

Hope, ſuffer'd no Variation in ſo long a Courſe of Years and *Critical Conjunctures*. Commerce was eſtabliſh'd upon an immoveable Baſis; *Fraud* remained without *Hopes*, and *Honeſty* without *Fears*. No longer was the Officer and the Soldier wearied out by the Slowneſs of Payment; the different Public Bodies were maintained in their Rights and Privileges, confined to their due Bounds, and connected in the Bonds of Amity. But if at any Time an unlook'd for Storm threatned to diſcompoſe this Harmony, then it was that the Thunder murmur'd in the Hands of Cardinal *de Fleury*; then it was he intimated his Power by ſlight and wandering Flaſhes, and then was ſilent. The Cardinal *de Fleury* knew not what it was to yield or to bend, he took another Road to come to the ſame Purpoſe; he employed only Perſuaſion, and he ſucceeded. The Motions of Authority are ſo *ſtill* and *ſoft*, that they are *imperceptible*; but ſo *ſtrong* and *powerful*, that they are *irreſiſtable*. Need I but to preſent to you the Uniformity of ſo peaceable an Adminiſtration, in order to characterize the Genius and Abilities of our Stateſman. Believe me, my Friends, that the Cardinal *de Fleury* will never envy thoſe Miniſters who are greedy for Fame, the Glory of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by *tumultuous* Projects, *bold* Deſigns and *vaſt* Undertakings; of filling the Theatre of the World with intereſting Scenes, in which they perform the double Part of *Authors* and *Actors*; and of imitating thoſe Torrents and Conflagrations, which

which mark out their own Progreſs by the Wrecks and Ruins of Empires. It has been ſaid, *Happy is the Nation whoſe Chronicles never ſhall divert Poſterity by the Narrative of bloody Revolutions!* Let me add, That truely great and worthy of eternal Love is that Miniſter, from whoſe Hiſtory no Syſtem of Politicks can be form'd, but that *of making the People happy*. It muſt be owned, the Continuance of a long Peace attracts no Acclamations nor popular Applauſes; the Nation enjoys its Happineſs without perceiving it. *Peace is the Health of a State*; and we then begin to think ſo, when under the melancholy Neceſſity of bemoaning its Loſs. Cardinal *de Fleury* was unacquainted with this *tinſel* Glory, this *Weakneſs* or rather *Littleneſs* of the greateſt Men. How could it affect him that the Greatneſs of his Abilities was unknown, ſince the Wiſh of his Life was, that the Happineſs of the State ſhould render them uſeleſs?

But ſo far from being uſeleſs, how neceſſary were they? With what Advantages did the long Peace, which darkned them to the Sight of the Vulgar, diſplay them to the Sight of the Wiſe! Let us be modeſt: Who knows whether it might not have coſt that * great, that powerful Genius, which equitable Poſterity will look upon as the firſt Author of all our Conqueſts and Victories, more to preſerve our Advantages than to acquire them? No ſooner do you exalt your ſelf upon the Ruins of a too formidable Power, than you become an Object

* Cardinal *Richelieu*.

of

of Terror, and ſucceed to all the Hatred which too formidable Power inſpires. *Political Intereſt* ſeparates what it had join'd: it arms Nations on your Side, to prevent your Fall; it arms the ſame Nations againſt you, to oppoſe your Projects. Hence, in all Ages, that Flux and Re-flux of Monarchies, raiſed and humbled, ſupported and overthrown by the Efforts of Nations, confederated at firſt for their Defence; but afterwards for their Deſtruction. Hence we have the Solution of that political Problem; that Empires approximate to their Ruin the Moment they attain to too dazzling a Pitch of Proſperity; and that the higheſt Point of their Glory is connected with the firſt Moment of their Decay. Under *Lewis* the XIIIth, the *Houſe* of *Auſtria* threatned *Europe* with approaching Slavery; under *Lewis* the XVth, Ambition, ever fruitful in Impoſtures, in order to attain in reality to a Power fatal to all *Europe*, preſented to us the odious Phantom. Let me now aſk you, Wherein did the Force, the Activity, and the Sublimity of Genius and Underſtanding moſt diſplay themſelves? In directing Leagues, or preventing them? In collecting the Clouds and Vapours to form the Tempeſt, or in diſſipating them? In exerting or in hindering Diſtruſts? In lighting up or extinguiſhing Jealouſies? In making all *Europe* riſe againſt the Heirs of *Philip* the IId; or in making it forget *Lewis* the XIVth's Succeſs, and being in Love with *Lewis* the XVth's Power?

Run over, my Hearers, run over in your Minds the moſt glorious Periods in the Annals of the *French* Monarchy; yet, will you not find one that is equal to the Pomp and the Splendour of what ſtruck our Eyes at the Congreſs of *Soiſſons*. *Rome* ſaw ſuch a Period, and has ranked it amongſt her happieſt Days; but then *Rome* forc'd the Submiſſion of the Nations ſhe drew together, and who trembled under the too approaching Danger of becoming the Prey of her violent and tyrannical Uſurpations. The Ambaſſadors of the *European* Powers flock'd into *France*; but another Motive drew them thither; That of *Eſteem* and *Confidence*; they left behind them all their *Jealouſies*, all their *Delicacies* with regard to *Precedency*. Cardinal *Fleury* ſeem'd not ſo much to aſſiſt at that *auguſt Aſſembly* as the *Ambaſſador Plenipotentiary* of *France*, as to preſide in it as the *Head of the Senate of Europe*. All thoſe Diſtruſts which barr the Union and Concord of Nations were forgot; every State entruſted with him the Secret of its Views, its Deſigns, its Fears and Hopes. When the King called him near his own Perſon, he was followed by the *Foreign Miniſters*. What a new Scene of Glory did this open for *France!* which, after being always the Terror, became now the Darling of *Europe*. Behold then the Miniſters of ſo many States, united under the Shade of that Throne they had conſpired againſt, and hoped almoſt to ruin in the Beginning of this Century. No longer was it their Buſineſs there to

pene-

penetr te into its Views, to guard againſt its Schemes, and to diffuſe through the ſeveral States to which they belonged, a Hatred and Dread for the *French* Name; but to receive at the firſt Hand the trueſt and moſt diſintereſted Counſel, and to proclaim to the World, that Heaven had beſtowed upon *France* a King born for the Happineſs of all Nations, and a Miniſter worthy of ſuch a Maſter. Happy would it be for the World, had it always ſuch Kings; happy, had it always ſuch Miniſters! But would t e World know how o enjoy its Happineſs? Would it know how to preſerve it? Are there any M unds to confine the Licentiouſneſs and Boldneſs of the Paſſions? Let u ſpeak more truly: Providence laughs at the Shemes of Man; and, to teach us that in vain do the Forts of *Juda* watch round *Zion*, if the Lord does not watch with them, and for them; ſhe permits Peace all of a ſudden, to bring forth the Furies of War.

* That magnanimous Prince whom we ſaw riſe to a Throne by his Merit, adorn it by his Virtues; quit and diſdain it as ſoon as he could be no longer the King of his Peopl , without ceaſing to be their Father; this Prince ſo united with *France* by the moſt ſacred Bonds, called u on by the Wiſhes of his Country; Cabals inteſtine concerted, fomented, ſupported emboldened Factions — But let us forg t thoſe Eve.ts which were r venged by the Succeſs of

* *Stanislaus* King of *Poland*.

the War, and repaired by the Advantages of Peace.

Lewis gave the Word, Cardinal *Fleury* put in Movement the Forces of the Kingdom. Already did the *Rhine* and the *Po* ſubmit to our Laws, two Battles gained in *Italy*, the Barriers of *Germany* demoliſh'd, Prince *Eugene* an idle Spectator of our Victories, and the Empire open and defenceleſs, were the Preſages and the Preparatives of new Triumphs; But the Contagion of Proſperity never infects the Wiſe. * *The Neceſſity of his Circumſtances*, as St. *Auguſtin* obſerves, *may command War; but his Inclinations will ever be for Peace.* The Moderation of the Conquerour ſuſpends and ſtops the moſt rapid Career of Victory. *Europe* now pacified reſumes its Calm and Tranquillity. With *Peace* the Sweets and Advantages of *Peace* return; the Monarch, faithful to his Word, ſuffers not the Misfortunes of War to extend beyond its Duration. *Impoſts* diſappear; and *France* would forget that ſhe had ever been oblig'd to fight, did not the Glory and the *Conſequences* of her Victories recall it to her Remembrance.

Could I, my Friends, in Expreſſions worthy of ſo great an Event, tranſmit to future Ages what we have ſeen, and what perhaps may not ſtrike us with ſufficient Admiration, becauſe we have *ſeen it!* The Head of the *Houſe* of *Auſtria* was ready to ſurvive his own Family; his *Armies* without *Soldiers* or *Offi-*

* Pacem debet habere *Voluntas*, Bellum *Neceſſitas*.

cers,

cers, his *Dominions* without *Finances* or *Counſels*, and the Prey of Diſcord, were opening to the *Turk* a more eaſy Acceſs into the *Auſtrian* Territories, than all their Battles could ever open to the *Bajazets*, the *Solimans*, and the *Selims*. But, under the *Auſpices* of the *King*, Cardinal *Fleury* lent his *Genius* to ſave the *Chriſtian Europe*; to him both *Empires* committed their *Intereſts*; he fixed thoſe *Limits* which the *Audacity* of the *Conquerors* durſt not venture to tranſgreſs; he dictated a *Treaty* which even the *ſucceſsleſs People* accepted with Pleaſure and without Diſgrace. His Conditions were regulated with ſo much Wiſdom, that the one Party reaped from it the *Fruit of its Toils and Triumphs*, and the other found in it *Advantages* ſufficient to comfort them under all the *Misfortunes* of the War.

All Righteous God, are not thoſe Marks of elevated and diſintereſted Zeal engraved in the Book where thy Finger has wrote the Deſtiny of Empires? Hatred, Jealouſy, Envy, Suſpicions, unjuſt Diſtruſts, with a thouſand private Intereſts, cloathed with the plauſible Pretext of the *General Welfare*, filled *Europe* with Trouble and Confuſion. And now you ſee that ſame Houſe, when eſcaped from its Ruin, and intoxicated with a little Succeſs, endeavour to force us to regret our own Generoſity, and to repent of having put her in a Condition to forget her Kindneſs. Confound and puniſh — My Heart forms Wiſhes more proper to be heard in a Sanctuary — *Lord, do thou rebuke the*

the Winds and the Waves, and it will be calm. Let our Hoſtile Powers remember, that, in their Misfortunes, *France* was their Reſource. No! Let them forget it: The Remembrance of paſt Fortunes ſtimulates Pride; Jealouſy ne er pardons Services which diſcover ſuch Force and Power to perform.

Would not a Miniſter, guided by the great Views of wiſe and virtuous Politicks, have given the Lye to all his Principles, had he neglected the Intereſts of our Religion, mourning amidſt our fatal Diviſions? Into what Days are we fallen, when the Refinements of artificial profound Diſſimulation, when Error *unbounded* and *bold* in its *Schemes*, but *fearful* and *regular* in its *Advances*, *condemns* the Church without *quitting* it, *acknowledges* without *ſubmitting* to its *Authority*, *diſdains* the Yoke of Subordination without *ſhaking it off*, *reſpects* its *Paſtors* without *following* them, imperceptibly *diſſolves* the Bonds of Union without *breaking* them, and lives in a State betwixt *Peace* and *War* without *Rebellion* and without *Obedience*.

Here will I reſt. Holy Religion, you are my Witneſs; contented to weep in Silence over the Misfortunes of *Zion*, to recall by my Vows and Sighs that Peace, that Union, that Concord, that Simplicity, which have fled; with trembling, with Reluctance it is, that I lend my Voice to enumer te your Dangers and Misfortunes; far from perpetuating their Remembrance, would I could bury them in eternal Oblivion!

Oblivion! This I would do, were I at Liberty to deprive my Hearers of that Part of Cardinal *de Fleury*'s Glory, tho' it was leſs his Glory than yours.

By what Examples of Humility did he not exerciſe and ſignalize the Purity of his Faith? With what Force of Expreſſion did he depaint, in that Writing which contains his laſt Deſires, his entire Submiſſion to the lateſt Deciſions of the Church; his lively and tender Gratitude to Heaven for preſerving him in his tender Years from the Itch of Novelty? With what profound Reſpect was he penetrated for the Head of the Church? How often was he heard to avow and acknowledge that the Church of *Jeſus Chriſt* was built upon a Rock; that all the Paths of Schiſm are only Paths of Error and Deceit; that the Branch can live no longer than it is joined to the Stem; that Reaſoning is the Amuſement of a Philoſopher, but Obedience the Duty of a Chriſtian? After he was honoured with the Royal Confidence, never did he forget the Deciſion of the famous St. *Auguſtine*, *That tho' a private Subject often only owes to Religion his own Example, yet that Kings and their Miniſters owe her their Zeal.*

With what Crags and Precipices is the Road of Zeal interrupted! How difficult is it to walk always with an even Pace betwixt the two Extreams of the Zeal which acts with a too forward Spirit, and that which ſuffers with a too indulgent Forbearance! We are, on the one

one hand, in Danger of exaſperating the Spirits of Mankind; and, on the other, of loſing all by not reſtraining them. What may we not hope, what have we not to fear, from Time! A Zeal, animated by *Vigour*, and exerted with *Authority*, ſtops the Progreſs of Seduction, and daunts the Audacity of the Seducer. A Zeal, directed by *Addreſs*, and managed with *Softneſs*, wins over, touches, and reduces to Reaſon, the Minds that already are ſeduced.

Of what Kind was the Zeal of Cardinal *de Fleury?* As to that Zeal which animated him upon a thouſand Occaſions for the Re-union of the inſeparable Intereſts of the Church and State, of that we are ignorant: But we know that he loved Religion, that he loved Peace; that when he inſpired his Zeal with Vigour and Activity, it was only to maintain and protect Religion; and when he temper'd it with Softneſs and Gentleneſs, it was only to eſtabliſh and preſerve *Tranquillity*. When he *puniſh'd*, it was in order to divert the Neceſſity of more ſevere Puniſhment by the Beginnings of *Severity:* But the Softneſs and Gentleneſs he diſcover'd, often ſprung from his Love of Religion. He thought, that the leſs he appeared to ſerve her, he could ſerve her the more effectually. We know that his Intentions were pure and upright, and that the Temper and Mold of his Soul was *Peace*, *Gentleneſs*, and *Charity*; conſequently, that if any Imperfections mingled with his Zeal, its ſlight Defects were owing

owing to his great Virtues, and that his *Heart* ſufficiently juſtify'd his *Conduct*.

We ourſelves know that, under the Adminiſtration of Cardinal *Fleury*, the *Wounds* of the Church began to *cloſe*, its *Calm* to *recommence*, its *Epiſcopacy* to *reunite*, its *Clergy* to *reſume Regularity* and *Subordination*; *Flocks* to hear the Voice of their *Paſtors*; the Attractions of *Deluſion* to loſe their *Force*; vain *Prodigies* to diſappear; *learned* Univerſities to ſubmit to *Authority*; the *Education* of Youth to be entruſted with Men of *pure* and *ſound* Doctrine; *public* Bodies, eminent for *Virtues* and *Abilities*, to ſet *Examples* of *Submiſſion*; the Minds of Men to loſe their *Acrimony*, and their Hearts to recover the *Love of Peace and Union*. We are Witneſſes that all the great Services he perform'd for Religion never were equal to the Extent of his Zeal and Affection.

You muſt, my Friends, own that ſo many Labours to eſtabliſh, to preſerve, and to encreaſe the Peace, Tranquillity, and Happineſs of Church and State, muſt have exhauſted the Abilities and dampt the Vigour of a leſs active Genius. But the moſt extended Empire was not capacious enough to fill the Soul and Heart of Cardinal *Fleury*. Ever vigilant to ſtifle in their Birth, ever ſolicitous to cruſh in their Bud, the Seeds of Diſcord; he apply'd his Cares, wherever they were called upon by the mournful Cries of Peace torn by fatal Diſſention, or alarm'd by tumultuous Commotion; thoſe diſmal Forebodings of open War. As

he was deſtin'd to be the reconciling Bond of Nations, and the Peace-maker of *Europe*, he devoted to the general Happineſs of *All* that Authority which his Prince gave him over *one* People. Thus all Nations ſpoke but one Language; *There* Temples reſounded with Prayers for his Life and Health, and *Here*, Academies with Praiſes to immortalize the Virtues of that Wiſe Miniſter. * *This Fame went throughout all the Provinces.*

Nor am I afraid to ſay, that, in the progreſſive Order of Ages, every Day will encreaſe the Glory of his Name. Great Men are ſeen at too ſmall a Diſtance when view'd in the Moment that ſnatches them away. Like Statues form'd to adorn Public Edifices, to embelliſh the Fronts of Temples or Palaces, their Beauties, their Lineaments, the Juſtneſs of their Proportions, are beſt diſcover'd and make the fineſt Figure at a Diſtance. Would we then, at the Cloſe of this Second Part of our Diſcourſe, paſs an equi able Judgment upon the Genius, the Abilities, and the Succeſs of Cardinal *Fleury*, let us forget that we have ſeen him, and that, as it were, we continue to ſee him ſtill; let us wipe from our Memory that which muſt be ſwallow'd up in the devouring Gulph of Time; let us venture to place ourſelves in the Room of *unprejudiced*, *diſintereſted* and *diſpaſſionate* Poſterity; let us interpoſe betwixt ourſelves and Cardinal *Fleury* the Diſtance

* Fama nominis ejus per ora populi volitabat. *Eſther* ix.

of

of ſome Ages; let us in this Point of View conſider *France*, under his Adminiſtration, in *Peace*, *Tranquillity*, and *Subjection* at Home, and without *Experience* or *Knowledge* of Domeſtic Revolutions; Abroad, more known by her *Benefits*, than ſhe was formerly by her *Victories*; weilding in her Hands the Ballance of Juſtice, and directing the Motions of *Europe*. Our King, the Sovereign of *one* People, but the Father and the Moderator of *all*, compoſing their Quarrels, reconciling their Intereſts; here aboliſhing the Animoſities of an * ally'd Republic; there reſtoring *Corſica*, ſubdued by the Force of his Arms, and pacify'd by the Wiſdom of his Counſels, to its lawful Sovereigns; *Vienna* and *Conſtantinople*, the *Eaſt* and the *Weſt*, chuſing only him to be the Arbiter of all their Differences, and the Guarantee of all their Treaties: A great King, after being placed by the Hand of Peace upon a Throne, rewarded and indemnify'd for ſacrificing it to his Love of Peace; *Lorrain* added to our Empire; the Blood of *Anſon* at length ſeated upon the Throne of *Naples* and *Sicily*, ſolacing the Shades of *Nemours* and *Lautrec*, and avenging *Lewis* the XIIth, and *Francis* the Iſt, of Fortune's Injuſtice; the Princes of *Germany*, who, of all their Privileges, retained only the trifling Advantage of diſguiſing their Servitude by an impoſed Suffrage, and of naming a Maſter whom they durſt not refuſe, reſtored to the

* *Geneva.*

Liberty of freely chuſing a Head of the Empire; the Name of *Lewis* the XVth effecting what was beyond the Power of all the Troops of *Lewis* the XIVth, in giving to *Charles* the Vth a Succeſſor, yet not of his Blood.

Let us view thoſe great Maſter-pieces of Genius and Policy in the ſame Light that Poſterity will behold them. If Cardinal *Fleury* had ſome Defects, that is, *if he was a Man*, if by a Deſtiny, common to all our greateſt Miniſters and Kings, he knew ſome leſs happy Days in his Life, they are but ſlight Spots which Time will imperceptibly wear out, or, loſt in the bright Luſtre of ſo much Succeſs, they will eſcape the moſt penetrating Eye. The Name of Cardinal *Fleury* will appear near the great Names of *Amboiſe*, *Richlieu*, and *Mazarine*; and never ſhall it be effaced: For ever ſhall this Wiſe Miniſter live in our Annals, diſtinguiſh'd with peculiar Reſpect; he having, to the Example of Honours obtained by Merit and Services, Honours ſupported by Abilities, added the Example of Honours adorned by Virtue; which is the third and laſt Character of a Wiſe Man ſuperior to Fortune.

PART III.

LET then that groundleſs Opinion vaniſh in Confuſion and Diſgrace; That Virtue can but ill ſupport Honours and Dignities, or that ſhe is unable to ſupport them by herſelf.

You

You have ſeen the Genius, the Talents, the Services of Cardinal *Fleury*; you are now to ſtudy his Virtues. Did his Manners or his Morals change with his Fortune? Did not Power, which is generally ſo haughty and diſdainful, loſe with him all her Airs, her Loftineſs and Influence?

I know not by what Fatality it happens that Pride inſinuates itſelf more eaſily into the Breaſt of a Man who is raiſed, than of him who is born, to Power, and to direct the Public Deſtiny. Is this becauſe they love to make themſelves Amends for the Submiſſions they were obliged to *pay*, by thoſe they *require?* to ſell Favour at as dear a Price as it coſt them, and to make them forget how low they were obliged to grovel before they could riſe ſo high? Is it becauſe their Elevation preſents them with too intoxicating Scenes of Greatneſs? Men who ſucceed to the Honours and Titles of their Anceſtors conſider their Greatneſs only as the Perquiſite of their Birth; while they, who acquire Greatneſs, look upon it as the Triumph of their own *Merit* and *Capacity*. Is it becauſe the Eyes of Men, who are born to the Splendor of Fortune, are leſs apt to be dazzled by the Glare that firſt ſtrikes their Sight? that their Acquaintance with Greatneſs renders it familiar? that Novelty only makes the Heart flutter, and the Mind ſwell? and that nothing but the Reverſe of Fortune can make them know themſelves? Whatever may be in this, the Deluſions of *Self-Love* and *Vanity* never

never ſhed their Poiſon in the Soul of Cardinal *Fleury*; as he acquired his Fortune without *Meanneſs*, ſo he ſupported it without *Haughtineſs*.

What had his Modeſty, Sweetneſs, and Politeneſs in common with thoſe imperious Miniſters who affect an *Aſiatic* State, and entrench themſelves from the Vulgar behind Ramparts which can be carried only by repeated Efforts of Aſſiduity and Perſeverance? Whoſe Cloſets, like the Throne of *Ahaſuerus*, are ſurrounded by Barriers, which it is dangerous to paſs, and appear like the Sanctuary of the Divinity, which inhabits them, to divide them from *the Prophane*; which admits only a ſmall Number of Adorers, who often receive no other Reward of the Idolatry they pay, but the mortifying Symptoms of Pride and Diſdain painted in the Looks of the Object they addreſs, for the Trouble their Importunities give him. But as to Cardinal *Fleury*, with him, no Man was ever obliged to ſqueeze through a Crowd of inferior Servants, who, ſerving as Porters to the Gate of Fortune, open and ſhut it as they pleaſe, and haughty in Proportion as their Maſter is great, render it more difficult to *aſk* than to *obtain* a Favour.

Acceſs to him was eaſy; he promiſed his Audiences with Pleaſure, granted them without Difficulty or Delay, and continued them without Uneaſineſs or Languor: With him every Man was at Liberty to expoſe his own Rights, to ſupport his Pretenſions, to explain his

his Views, his Schemes, to preſs, to inſiſt, and even to contradict and complain. The moſt backward Modeſty was inſtantly encouraged; if any Fear ſtill remain'd, they ſoon learned with how little Reaſon: They had come to addreſs a Miniſter, and they found a Citizen, plain and eaſy in his Manner. We remained in Doubt and Suſpence at the unheard of Contraſte of Power without Pride, Greatneſs without Haughtineſs, Authority without that forbidding, that diſdainful and aſſuming Air of Command and Dominion, which renders the Courtier often more fearful in the Preſence of the *Miniſter*, than in that of the *Monarch*. Never did any Man more literally practiſe the Maxim of the Scripture than Cardinal *Fleury* did; * *When thou art exalted above the Peolpe, be like one of them.*

What Charms, what Beauty did ſo ſweet ſo polite a Behaviour, ſuch civil, ſuch humane and tender Manners diffuſe through every Company and Converſation; that happy Turn of Thought, that Gift of Expreſſion, that Talent of Diſcretion and Entertainment, that delicate yet profound Knowledge in every Thing that is *becoming*; which alone can preſerve and keep alive in Society that enchanting Mixture of Reſpect and Freedom, ſo mutually polite and obliging; that refined Acquaintance with Characters, Humours, Connections and Intereſts!

* Rectorem te poſuerunt; noli extolli, eſto in illis quaſi unus ex ipſis. *Eccleſ.* Cap. 32.

all

all which were the Reaſons why no Man about Cardinal *Fleury* was ever oblig'd to put on a troubleſome, ſtrange, or diſguiſed Character: he ſpoke to every one in his own Manner; he gave every Man an Opportunity of underſtanding and ſharing in the Amuſements of the Converſation. As he was the Pattern of a compleat Courtier, one would have thought that he had an Intereſt in endeavouring to pleaſe every Body, without ſuſpecting that every Body had an Intereſt in endeavouring to pleaſe him.

What ſhall I ſay of that Evenneſs of Temper, ſo perfect, ſo conſtant, and ſo unalterable? Far different from thoſe rapacious Perſons, who, reſerving to themſelves all the Sweets, all the Advantages of Authority, are revenged upon *you* for the Cares and Troubles that attend it. Men, whoſe Moments you muſt ſtudy, and from whom you muſt earn a Favour a thouſand times over before you receive it: Cardinal *Fleury* never fatigued you either with his Joy, his Sorrow, his Succeſs, or his Diſappointments. He always ſpoke with the ſame Politeneſs, he heard with the ſame Patience, anſwered with the ſame Mildneſs, and determined with the ſame Tranquillity. The Citizen, the Sage, the Philoſopher, even when emboſom'd in all the Calm and Tranquillity of ſolitary Life, are inceſſantly experiencing the capricious Revolutions of Temper; whereas almoſt the whole Courſe of Cardinal *Fleury*'s Life was like a Day cloudleſs and ſerene, amidſt

midſt all the Hurry and Agitation of his miniſterial Duties.

There would be but little Merit in a Man's avoiding the Shelves of Haughtineſs and Inſenſibility, unleſs he ſhewed himſelf equally void of Intereſt and Avarice. Our Cardinal, like another *Samuel*, challenged the aſſembled Tribes to accuſe him of Rapaciouſneſs; and he was ſeconded by the loud Voice of the whole Kingdom, applauding his Virtue. * *And they ſaid, Thou haſt not defrauded us, nor oppreſt us; neither haſt thou taken ought of any Man's Hands.* Tho' he was the Beſtower of Favours, and the Diſtributer of Poſts; all he *gave* was without his *receiving*, all he *diſpoſed* was without his *retaining ought*. The Riches of the State paſt through his Hands, but nothing ſtuck to them. After poſſeſſing Power for ſo many Years, he ſaw nothing in this vaſt Monarchy he could call *his own*. Like a Stranger in his own Country, without *Habitation*, without *Houſe*, without *Poſſeſſion*, without *Inheritance*, he neglected all Profit from his Favours; nor did he ever think of guarding againſt the Revolutions of Fortune. Had it been poſſible for a Miniſter of ſo many Virtues and Abilities, to have merited Diſgrace; had it been poſſible for a King of ſo much Wiſdom and Underſtanding, to have indulged Capriciouſneſs; one Inſtant would have left Cardinal *Fleury* diſtinguiſhed indeed by Titles and Ho-

* Et dixerunt, neque oppreſſiſti, neque tuliſti de manu alicujus quippiam. 2 *Sam.* Chap. 12.

nours, but poorer with them all than when he firſt appeared at Court.

This Diſintereſtedneſs, my Friends, muſt appear to you the Perfection of a great, a generous, and a maganimous Soul. But you hitherto have ſeen only the Outſide, and the Surface; behold now the Inſide, and the Principle. It is not an Equity that only has a Regard for the Public Treaſure; for, in that Caſe, it could not be called ſo much the Practice of a Virtue, as the Avoiding of a Vice: Such a Virtue would be worthy of our Praiſes only, becauſe it is rare; and that which does Honour to one Man, would turn to the Shame and Diſgrace of Mankind. No; it is a generous and a noble Contempt of Wealth. How ſhould the Man who ſtrips himſelf of his own Riches caſt an avaricious Eye upon thoſe of the Public? How ſhould the Man who renounces his own *Property* covet that of another? It is an Adherence to the moſt auſtere Duties of his Station. He was a Biſhop, devoted to a Courſe of Modeſty and Simplicity; but he was honoured by the Confidence of a King, and raiſed to an Adminiſtration of Dominion and Power. As he was inſtructed and enlightned by Religion, he apprehended that the Exterior of Pomp and Splendour, which perhaps it would be wiſe in a Miniſter, confined to Affairs of State alone, to keep up, was to be diſpenſed with in a Miniſter whoſe Time was to be divided betwixt the Throne and the Altar. As he was perſuaded that Modeſty never debaſes the *Miniſter*, but

that

that it adorns the *Biſhop*, in his Train, his Equipages, his Moveables, his Appartments, and his Table, he ſet Examples of Simplicity, worthy to be imitated by the higheſt Prelates. But indeed, what Charms can Riches have to a Man who is void of *Self-love* or *Vanity*? Cardinal *Fleury* was ſo far from wiſhing for them, that he diſdained to uſe them.

I am miſtaken: There were Moments, there were Situations, in which he wiſhed to be rich. As he was ſuſceptible of Tenderneſs at the Lot of the Unhappy, he *felt* all the Miſeries he *heard*; his Heart was open to *pity*, and his Hands to *relieve*. All he received from his Eſtates, or his Benefices, was only to give away; he was not the *Lord* who *collected*, but the *Father* who *diſtributed*. How many Families were relieved from Indigence and Deſpair throughout the Kingdom? How many Traders ſupported when on the Brink of Ruin? How many Communities re-eſtabliſhed or preſerved from Falling? How many Cities and Provinces preſerve the eternal Monuments of his pious Liberalities? Then, then it was that Riches became valuable in his Eyes. The moſt indifferent Fortune was ſufficient to ſatisfy his *Deſires*; but the moſt immenſe Wealth was inſufficient for ſatisfying his *Charity*: he had always too much for *himſelf*, but ever too little *for the Poor*. When his Funds were exhauſted, his Diſintereſtedneſs gave Way to a more noble and more awful Concern. He carried to the Foot of the Throne the Sighs and Tears of the

People. What a Sight was this! a Miniſter ſo *earneſt* in his *Petitions*, a King ſo *ready* in his *Grants*; Charity *forming* thoſe Vows, which Charity *hears*, and ſpeaking from the Heart of the *Servant* to the Heart of the *Maſter*. What ſhall we moſt admire in Cardinal *Fleury*? his *Contempt* or *Paſſion* for Riches? his Indifference for Wealth to himſelf, or his active Concern for relieving the Miſeries of others? Is not a Diſintereſtedneſs ſo productive of Benevolence a Merit in the Qualities of the Heart, even ſuperiour to bare Diſintereſtedneſs? Yes, my Friends; it is the Merit of Benevolence, bounded by Reaſon and Juſtice.

Let me explain myſelf. To a Man who finds himſelf plac'd at the Source of Public Opulence, there is no Temptation ſo delicate, ſo ſeducing to Virtue, as the Glory of acquiring with the Great the Character of Generoſity and Liberality. Deceitful Praiſe! That which Adulation terms *Goodneſs* and *Senſibility of Heart*, Truth calls *weak* and *groveling Self-love*, after being fatigued by Aſſiduities, intimidated by Complaints and Reproaches, diſguſted and dampt by the Diſcontent of rueful Faces into the Semblance of Charity. Such Men ſo much *applauded*, and ſo little deſerving *Applauſe*, are never touch'd by public Miſery, becauſe its Objects are never under their Eyes; they diſdain to contribute to any Happineſs in which they are not to be Sharers, or to relieve the Miſeries they do not ſee. When they give, it is not with a View of *communicating Happineſs*, but

of

of *purchaſing Repoſe* after it is diſturb'd by the Importunities of the Unhappy. Never does the ſecret Sigh, or the concealed Tear, affect them. They are ſurrounded by the re-echo'd Acclamations of a Court whoſe political Homages feed their Vanity, and repay miſtaken Generoſity with miſtaken Gratitude. But to prefer the virtuous Satisfaction of deſerving Praiſe to the flattering Pleaſure of obtaining it; to incur the Murmurs and Diſtaſte of Courtiers, that he may avoid throwing the Burthen upon a People who know ſo little, that they only feel the Calamity that is impoſed upon them, without being ſenſible of the Weight which is ſpared them; this is a Deſcription in which I can perceive the Character of a Soul ſuperior to Self-Love and Vanity; I can perceive the Cardinal *de Fleury*.

Are we then to be ſurpriſed that he never experienced the Inconſtancy and Viciſſitudes of Fortune? In all Governments how many Miniſters have been more famous for their *Fall* than their *Exaltation?* How many have loſt the Hearts and Confidence of their Maſters, and yet kept their Poſts? Cardinal *Fleury*, always uſeful, always agreeable, ſtill charm'd, and was ſtill ſerviceable. He found no Obſtacles in all his long and perilous Career of Buſineſs. The Angel of the Lord, as the Scripture has it, march'd before him, and removed out of his Way the ſmalleſt Grain of Sand which might occaſion his Fall; nay, render his

his Treading leſs firm and ſure. * *That thou daſh not thy Foot againſt a Stone.* I will not ſay that Heaven ſeemed to intend to join to a Miracle of Power without Vices and Paſſions, the Miracle of Power without Reverſes or Revolutions; but I will venture to ſay, that the true Miracle was his Virtue, which he preſerved unſeduced by the Greatneſs of his Fortune. I will venture to ſay, that the greateſt Miracle was, that in his Exaltation he equally regarded Religion as Reaſon.

And, indeed, was not *God* ſerved as faithfully as *Cæſar?* In the Character of a Subject and a Chriſtian, did not Cardinal *Fleury* fulfill the whole Extent of his Obligations, without ſacrificing one Duty to another, or without one Virtue becoming an Obſtacle to another? Never did *Indolence* uſe the Pretext of *Piety* to throw the Miniſter and the Stateſman into an *inactive Lethargy.* Never did *important Affairs, delicate Conjunctures, unforeſeen Events,* or the *Rapidity of deciſive Moments,* interrupt his Religious Cuſtom of daily aſſiſting at the Auguſt Sacrifice, and of carrying to the Lord his Tribute of Praiſes and Thankſgiving, which are commanded by the Engagements and the Duties of the Prieſthood. The *Poſt* which he held in the *Kingdom* never effaced from his Remembrance the *Place* which he held in the *Sanctuary*; and never did his Concern for the *public Happineſs* weaken his Concern for his *own Sanctification.*

* Ne ſorte offendas ad lapidem. *Pſal.* 91.

Would

Would Time but permit me to follow him through all his Steps! *Here* ſhould you ſee the underſtanding and painful Miniſter penetrating and piercing diſguiſed Schemes, indirect Meaſures, fallacious Engagements, and the inſidious Advances of the moſt artfully varniſh'd Politicks: *There* ſhould you ſee the humble Chriſtian retiring to the innermoſt Receſſes of his own Heart, ſtudying its Motions, ſounding its Depths, judging, accuſing, and purifying himſelf before the Tribunal of Repentance. You ſhould ſee him with Foreign Miniſters diſplaying the fineſt and the moſt delicate Properties of Wit and Wiſdom; of the ſtrongeſt and the moſt commanding Reaſon: Then, at the Altar, ſupporting the Dignity and the Majeſty of Religion, by the moſt recollected Behaviour and Humility: You ſhould ſee him in the Sanctuary confounding, by his uſeful and too neceſſary Example, the Licentiouſneſs of a Court, accuſtom'd to regard no *Temple* but that of *Fortune*, to believe in no *Maſter* but him *whom they ſee*, to reverence no *Altar* but the *Throne*, to invoke and adore no *other God* but him who has the Diſtribution of *profane Titles* and *worldly Riches*. You ſhould ſee him in public Aſſemblies and private Society, pleaſing, enchanting, and raviſhing by the Charms of his Converſation; and ſoon after, at the Recital of the Divine Service, pauſing and compoſing himſelf, that he may more leiſurely penetrate into the Senſe of the Holy Pſalmiſt, and fill himſelf with his Spirit; ſometimes nouriſh-

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ing and re-animating his Piety, by reading the Goſpel and the Imitation of *Jeſus Chriſt*; and thoſe Books which are all Light and Sentiment, which ſpeak only to the Heart and the Reaſon; which teach to know God, and to know ourſelves; to ſee our Faults, and to be humbled for them. *There* you ſhould ſee him filled with that Wiſdom which is circumſpect, recollected; which waits, prepares, and brings about the critical Moments; which meaſures all by Prudence, and leaves nothing to Chance. *There* ſhould you view him, wiſe with the Wiſdom of the Goſpel, obſtinately diſdaining every Regard for his own Perſon, even at the moſt advanced Age; and when waſted and ſunk under the Weight of ſo many Projects, bending under the Toil of ſo many Labours, a punctual Obſerver of the Laws of the Church, and refuſing the ſlighteſt Abatement of his Religious Duties. Never would he ſolicit for, never would he accept of, any Diſpenſation. He forgot his Age, his Occupations, his Health; he only remember'd, that it was of very little Importance to a Chriſtian whether he lived or died; that all his Concern ought to be to live *the Life of the Juſt, and that his latter End might be like theirs.*

To die the Death of the Juſt! How many Bleſſings are included in that Bleſſing! Every Circumſtance, O my God! perſuades us that thou wert pleaſed to confer it on that Wiſe Miniſter. He treaſur'd up in his Heart thoſe Words of the Scripture, *I come, I approach, ſaith*

ſaith the Lord; *I bring with me my Rewards and my Vengeance.* How impatient is the juſt Man to render himſelf more juſt; * *He that is Righteous, let him be Righteous ſtill.* Faithful in the Practice of this Leſſon, he ſaved to himſelf a Solitude. There he was the Miniſter and the Stateſman but by *Moments*; but the Chriſtian by *Hours* and *Days.* He review'd his Life in the Bitterneſs of a contrite and broken Spirit; he called himſelf to Account for his Actions, his Views, and his Paſſions; he labour'd to *know* himſelf, as God *knew* him; to *judge* himſelf, as God was to *judge* him; he ſearch'd for, he lov'd every Truth that could fill him with Shame and Confuſion; he renew'd, he purify'd his Virtue: The Victim is ready, but the Knife appears not; he ſees the Altar where he is to be ſacrificed, and beholds it with a ſteady Eye. As he was a Philoſopher for the World, but a Chriſtian for Eternity, he diſdained what was finite; he minded only what was to commence; with Fervour and Humility he drunk from the Fountain of Grace; he waſh'd, he purify'd himſelf in the Blood of the Lamb.

If he ſtill was tied to Earth by any Bonds, they were Bonds that were conſecrated by his Duty and his Religion. His Maſter, his King, came to give him the laſt Marks of his Eſteem. Here let us in Silence gaze upon a Circumſtance at once ſo *great* and *tender*, that the moſt

* Qui juſtus eſt juſtificetur adhuc. *Apocalyp.* Chap. 22.

lively, the moſt *elevated*, and the *happieſt* Eloquence can do it but imperfect Juſtice. The Miniſter to whom his Prince's Education was intruſted, the moſt affectionate, the moſt devoted of Subjects, is ready to go down to the Grave; while the Prince, the Object of ſo many Cares and ſo much Love, is bathed in Tears! *France*, judge at once of thy Loſs, and thy Happineſs; learn the Value of what Heaven hath *taken*, and of what Heaven hath *preſerv'd*. Theſe Tears are the Glory of the Monarch, and the Encomium of the Miniſter. What King can be more worthy of our Love than a Prince who diſcovers ſuch Sentiments? What Miniſter more worthy of our eternal Veneration, than a Miniſter who could deſerve them?

At the Sight of that young Prince, who is at once the Darling of the People, and Hope of the Throne, with what Fervour did he ſeize that Opportunity of rendering his laſt Moments uſeful to Religion and his Country! "Prince, "ſays he, you ſee a melancholy Spectacle; "learn from it to know the inevitable and the "common Deſtiny of Mankind. Thus pe-"riſhes the Condition of Subjects, and thus "muſt periſh the Condition of the greateſt "Monarchs: Suffer not your ſelf to be ſur-"priſed by the dazzling Vanity of what muſt "end at the Grave; ſet your Heart only upon "what is immortal.

After paying all that was due to Loyalty and Gratitude, his Heart now diſengaged from all earthly

earthly Cares, felt no Emotion but for Eternity: Then was he ſeen ſubmiſſive to the Will of Heaven, *hoping* without *Preſumption*, *fearing* without *Weakneſs*, *preparing* himſelf without *Anxiety*, *humbling* himſelf without *Pain* or *Conſtraint*, and *ſuffering* without *Complaint* or *Repining*; invoking, praying the Lord to *multiply* his Pains, and to *augment* his Charity; to puniſh him *in Time*, but to ſave him *in Eternity*. He was ſeen, tranquil to his laſt Breath, finiſh his Sacrifice, and ſweetly ſleep the Sleep of Peace.

Where then is the powerful, the dreaded Miniſter? He is no longer among us, he is in the Depth of Eternity; * *Earth hath received Earth, his Soul hath return'd to God who made it.*

We have followed Cardinal *Fleury* through different Events that compoſed the Thread of his Life on Earth; let us continue to follow him ſtill: Let us dare to follow him even to the *Depths of Eternity*. Behold him now alone with God! what a ſudden Revolution he finds in his Ideas and Sentiments! an uncommon Example of human Proſperity, after poſſeſſing unvarying and undecaying Power: His Memory was honoured by the Grief of his Maſter, while the Heirs of his Name enjoy, in the firſt Dignities of the State, their Monarch's Favour and Eſteem, which are more precious than his Gifts. Ah! what does all *he was*,

* Revertatur pulvis ad terram ſuam, unde erat, ſpiritus redeat ad Deum qui fecit illum. *Eccleſ.* Chap. 12.

what does all on Earth avail him! The immenſe Extent of Eternity opening to his Eyes the Terrors of God's Judgments, the Deſtiny and the immutable Lot of a new and an infinite Life; conceive, if you can, the profound Impreſſion of penetrating Fears, and ſwift tumultuous Agitations, which ſuch Objects muſt make on the frightned and confounded Soul! Religion had taught Cardinal *Fleury*, that temporary Fortunes and Diſgraces were but empty Names; that there was no true Good or real Evil but in Eternity: Religion had taught him this, and he believed it. The Veil is rent aſunder, and he now ſees, he feels, and proves it.

Soon, my Friends, we ſhall *ſee* and *prove* it as well as he. A few Years, perhaps a few Days, will finiſh our Courſe below. Though Heaven ſhould give us Ages, yet we are to remember that the longeſt Life here is but for an Inſtant, when meaſured by Eternity. The Duration of the Cedar upon Libanus is as ſhort as that of the weakeſt Shrub, that grows under its Shade. Man's Life is but, To be born and die; the Space betwixt thoſe two Periods is next to nothing. Let us remember, that a Veſſel of Clay contains our Genius, our Capacity, our Wealth, our Power, our Authority and Reputation, thoſe Gifts and Treaſures of Nature and of Fortune; that Veſſel falls, it is cruſh'd, and leaves behind it but its Ruins and its Sherds. Let us habituate our ſelves to think, as we ſhall think in Eternity; to judge, as we

ſhall

ſhall judge in Eternity. Let us leave profane Man, bewilder'd in Hopes and deceitful Happineſs; and far from envying his Proſperities, let us bewail his fatal Illuſions. *What does it profit a Man to gain the whole World if he loſes his own Soul?*

Happy then, a thouſand times happy was that truly wiſe Miniſter, in being convinced that God is the firſt Maſter, Religion the firſt Law, and Eternal Happineſs the only Fortune that merits the Concern of the Heart. It belongs not, O Lord! to us, to dive into the Abyſs of thy Judgments: We believe with St. *Gregory*, * *That whatever Virtues a Man may have, he ſhall be ſaved only by the Benefit of thy great and infinite Mercies.* We implore theſe infinite Mercies for him: Place this peaceful Man in the Tabernacle of Peace! Grant to this Man of Sweetneſs and of Modeſty an Inheritance in the Land of the Living! Let thy Heart be open to Compaſſion for this Man of benevolent Charity, whoſe Heart was never ſhut to the Sighs and the Tears of the Poor! Judge in the Multitude of thy Mercies this Man, who judg'd thy People with *Gentleneſs* and *Humanity!* Show thy ſelf propitious to the Vows of a great King and a great Kingdom, of Church and State, of Religion, and our Country! Do thou reward thoſe Services for which they can now ſhew no Acknowledg-

* Quia ſi quem, remotâ pietate, judicaveris, non juſtificabitur in conſpectu tuo omnis vivens.

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ments but their Wishes and their Prayers! Remember his Tears, his Groans, his Faith, his Charity, and humble Resignation in his last Moments! You have promised that Sins, when sincerely bewailed, shall be forgotten. If there remains about him any Mark of his Frailties, hear the Voice of the *Blood* of *Christ*, which is to be shed on that Altar! The Gates of the holy *Zion* shall respect the Authority of that powerful Voice, he shall enter into the Rest of your Chosen; he shall bless, he shall praise thy adorable Name to all Eternity.

A M E N.